



FATHER ON THEE WE CALL

Sacred Song

WORDS BY

EUGENE CLAIRE

MUSIC BY

A.W. HUGHES



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
46,153
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FATHER ON THEE WE CALL.

Revised by Arthur W. Hughes.

Eugene Claire.

Andante.

PIANO.

p

1. With tear-ful eyes I look a-round; Life seems a dark and storm-y
 2. Come for all else must fail and die; Earth is no rest-ing place for

rall.

sea; Yet 'mid the gloom I hear a sound, a heav'n-ly whis-per "Come to
 thee; Heav'n-ward di-rect thy weep-ing eye; I am thy por-tion "Come to

p a tempo

me;" It tells me of a place of rest, It tells me where my soul may
 me;" O voice of mer-cy, voice of love, In con-flict grief and a-go-

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rall.

flee, O, to the wea - ry and op - pressed how sweet the bid - ding, "Come to
ny, Sup - port me cheer me from a - bove and gent - ly whis - per, "Come to

rall.

f

me? O, Fath - er in Hea - ven, on Thee me... call, — Thou art our
me?

rall. *a tempo*

Sav - iour, our all in all, — Grant us thy mer - cy, —

rall. *a tempo*

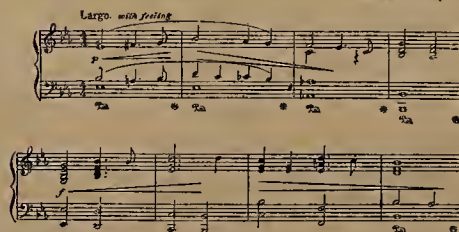
rall. e dim.

and thy love, — That we may reach thy realm — a - bove.

Two Grand Selections that have won their
way into every heart

IN MEMORY OF MUIR.

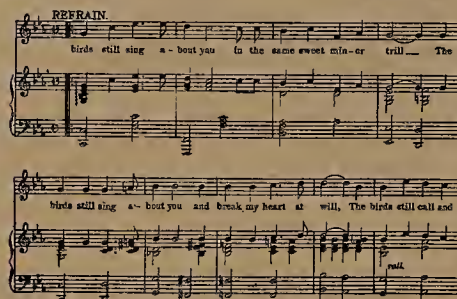
LEWIS OWEN Op. 22.



STILL.

Words by
BOYLE LAPPERIERE

Music by
JULES FAGER



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